

Look Who's Back

by Wolfa Moon

Category: Angel
Language: English
Status: In-Progress
Published: 2000-06-27 09:00:00
Updated: 2000-06-27 09:00:00
Packaged: 2016-04-27 21:25:19
Rating: K
Chapters: 1
Words: 3,376
Publisher: www.fanfiction.net
Summary: The Doyles Return #5 FAMILY TREE SERIES

Look Who's Back

> <meta name="Generator"> A bang came from the door ****

**FAMILY TREE SERIES **_by Wolfa Moon_

**

#1 Relative Penance

#2 Worried Big Brother

#3 I dreamed A Dream

#4 Letters

5 Look Who's Back

**

A bang came from her front door. Cordelia got up and walked to the door. She opened it. Cordelia shirked at the person standing there. Angel stood up. He had been staying there since his place blew up. Wesley stood up not knowing what to expect. Cordelia came back in. And by her side was Una. She looked at the rest.

"Look who's back?"

"Hi guys."

"Una." Wesley walked over to her and gave her a big hug. "It is so good to see you again."

"Same here." Returning the hug. She stepped back. "So is he?" Wesley knew she was referring to the letter.

"Brother." Una smiled. She looked over at her other friend. Angel came over and gave her a big hug.

"It's good to see you."

"Yeah. I missed you." She stepped back. "I missed you all." Cordelia came back over with a coke can in her hand and handed it to Una.

"Here."

"Thank you." Una gave her a look. "Cordelia are you ok?"

"Yeah I'm fine why?"

"Your aura is emanating unlike the last time I saw you." She looked at all of them. "What is going on?" They had to explain this to her.

"How did you know we were here?" She shrugged.

"I just followed my instincts." Una sat down on the couch. "Why are you all here?"

"Well..." Angel looked to Wesley and Cordelia.

"The place blew but." Cordelia put bluntly. Una didn't seem upset. She looked around.

"I'm glad I moved all my stuff out before that, I guess." They all looked at her. Una had a feel for the future happenings. They didn't have to guess how she knew. "So when can we go back?"

"They have to give us a few days then we can head back." Angel was calm. Una looked over at him.

"What are you staring at?" Angel straightened from where he was leaning against the wall.

"Nothing."

"No that look doesn't mean nothing." Angel began to feel uncomfortable. Una knew how to do this well. Angel gazed at her.

"What does it mean?" She looked him up and down.

"Your wondering where my stuff is and you are also wondering about what I said in the letter. Oh!" Una looked to Cordelia. "How was the play?" Cordelia looked around the room. She took a seat in a chair that moved to her side. Her face showed. "That good."

"Yeah." She looked around. "So where do you want to sleep?"

"Um..." Una looked around. "I'll stay at Wesley's."

"What?" All of them said in unison.

"Yeah, well Angel is staying here. And Wesley can handle a room mate

for a while." She looked at her British friend. "Is that ok?"

"Yeah." Angel gave a look at Wesley. Wesley looked back at the two girls. "How about this the girls stay with the girls and boys stick with the boys."

"I'm in with that." Angel got up and went into the room where he was keeping his stuff. Una looked after the way he was heading. She looked back at the rest.

"What was that all about?" Cordelia shrugged to Una's question.

*

Cordelia woke up in her bed. Una had taken the couch. She walked into the living room. Una was right where she left her. They had stayed up till 4am talking about Ireland. It was now 9am. Cordelia went into the kitchen. The lights were off. She opened the fridge door. The light from the fridge lit the room. She pulled out a bottle of orange juice. The cup filled all the way to the top. Then she placed it back into the fridge. Cordelia picked up the glass and walked into the living room. Una wasn't on the couch. Cordelia looked around the room. Una was sitting on the floor.

"What are you doing?" Cordelia came to see better. She had laid out cards on the ground. Una looked up at her.

"Reading my future." Cordelia took a seat across from her.

"What does it say?" Una looked down then up again.

"Wellâ€¦ it says thatâ€¦ something is coming."

"Good or bad."

"Don't know." She held the rest of the stack of cards in her hand. "Take a card." Cordelia picked up a card. She fell back to the ground. Cordelia looked up to the ceiling. Una smiled. "Beware of your future."

Flashes flew in front of Cordelia's face. It wasn't a vision though. The images began to slow down. She saw Sunnydale, next she was in Angel's office, and then she a garden. The images whirled. Then it stopped on Sunnydale. She was in the High School.

"Hello?" the halls were empty. "Hello?" voiced began to come from one of the rooms. She headed toward the classroom door. Her hand reached out and opened it. Inside there was no one there. The room was quite. On the board, though was all this writing.

DON'T TURN AROUND.

DON'T LET YOUR GUARD DOWN.

IT'S NOT WHAT IT SEEMS.

IT'S SOMETHING OTHER.

TRUST YOUR FRIEND SOUL.

TRUST NOT HIS IMAGE.

"Do you understand?" Cordelia looked at the person. She had never seen this man before in her life. He was tall, as he stood up, Not much on the slim side. His hair was blue. His eyes red. He took a step toward Cordelia. "Do you understand?" he asked again. The room spun. She was at Angel Investigations. No one was there. The phone began to ring. Cordelia walked over to it slowly. She picked it up.

"Hello?"

"Two will be. One be true. One be false. Trust your friend. Which one is up to you?" the phone hung up.

"Hello." She hung up the phone. She looked around. "Ok whoever is messing with this come out now. This is not funny. Una! Una! Where are you?" the room spun again. She was in the garden.

"Do you understand?" She looked at the person who was speaking.

"Una what is going on?"

"I can't help you Cordelia. Just when I say something to the contrary to you. It is true. Even though you believe. It is time to wake up now." The room spun. Her eyes focused on the ceiling.

She sat up.

"What just happened?" Una was collecting up her cards.

"A simple thing of advice."

"What did it mean?"

"That you will have to find out for yourself." Una put the stack of cards in her bag. Cordelia looked around her apartment.

"But it was confusing." Una looked at her in a way that ran chills down her spine.

"It will be clear soon." Una laid back down on the couch. "Good night Cordelia." She pulled up the covers around her.

"Good night Una." Cordelia walked back to her room.

*

Angel sat up from the bed that he had been sleeping on. Wesley's apartment was a nice loft. It was big. Angel stayed in the living room. The couch was nice, comfy too. The furnishings were something you didn't expect. He had art here and he had weapons there. A mix of two worlds. Angel stood up and walked over to one of the pictures. The window opened. It was 4:30 am. The person came through the

window. Angel grabbed the figure and held them against the wall. The person lifted it's hood off.

"Jeez Angel." Angel stared into Una's eyes.

"What are you doing here?" Angel let her go.

"I couldn't sleep." She sat down on the couch where he was sleeping. "Bad dreams." She looked around the room. "Nice." Angel came over and took a seat next to her.

"So what's wrong?" Una looked over at him. Her eyes were filled with sadness and compassion and fright. He knew this look all too well. "What happened?"

"Oh you know." She rested back on the couch. " This and that. Mom tells you she's a witch and Melakin kills some of your friends before you kill him. You know just a gay old time in Ireland." Angel tried to comprehend and wondered what to ask first.

"So?" Angel was boggled. Una gave a smile.

"Too much to handle."

"No, just a little. Yeah." He rested back next to her. She snuggled up next to him.

"Well I'll start. My mom told me she is a witch. A very powerful one but not too powerful. I gained some of it but mine gets magnified cause I'm.."

"Ticka." They both said. They gave each other a smile.

"So who is Melakin?" Angel finally being able to ask a question. Una looked down and stood up. Angel looked up at her. He felt fear from her like never before. She began to shake. Angel was going to stand up but stopped when she looked at him.

"He was the evil that I had to drive away from my home land. He was..." She stopped and looked around. She put her hands to her face. Angel didn't know what to do. She looked back at him. Una tried to compose herself. " He killed an innocent, a friend of mine. Melakin got me outside to fight a demon of some kind." Pain of the memories of that night filled her head. Angel stood up. Tears ran down her face. " My friend saw me fighting. A car came at me. He ran over and pushed me out of the way. He pushed..." Angel put his arms around her. She felt so weak in his arms. Angel learned the rest. Her friend got hit by the car and died in her arms. She had tried with all her power to bring him back. It didn't work. She though focused all her power on Melakin and banished him from all plains of existence. She took the hand away from Angel's face. She had let him see it all and feel what she felt. Angel looked down at her.

"So why did you come in the window?" She smiled. Angel smiled back at her trying to change the topic.

"I didn't want to wake you." they sat back down on the couch. He had missed her company and so did she. "Too late."

Cordy found the note and meet at Wesley's. Cordelia came in as all of them where heading toward the door.

"What is going on?" she followed all of them as they began to walk down the hall. "What evil coming? Ugly demons? Spewing demons, Cause I just bought this." Angel began.

"They finished the place. We can go and see how it looks." Cordelia stopped.

"Oh." Cordelia began to follow the group.

*

The group walked into the building. It smelled new. The letters on the door were still sticky. Angel opened the door. The group walked in. the desk was were they left it. The building had fitted this place. Cordelia walked over to her desk and sat down. The chair was a roll seat.

"I love this." Wesley found a seat and took it.

"Not bad," Angel walked into his office. His desk was nice and tidy. He headed for the elevator. It worked. Angel got on and rode down. His apartment was bare except the insurance was gonna pay for most of the things he owned. Una watched from the stairs as he roamed around his lair. He walked through his kitchen and back into the open. Una was sitting on the stairs.

"What are you looking at?"

"Nothing, just," she looks around the room. "We need to add some color to this place."

"I second the motion." Cordelia posted as she stepped around Una. Angel shook his head.

"What are you talking about?" Cordelia took some steps toward him. She pointed to the walls.

"Add some color here, and there."

"You mean painting." Angel stated. Cordelia just glared back.

"Yah no more dark. Add some colors likeâ€| purpleâ€|or teal, or red, or bash..or.."

"Green." Una coined as she stepped beside Cordelia." I think it's a great plan." Angel looked at his two female colleagues.

"I'm not gonna win here am I?" Cordelia and Una looked at each other then to Angel.

"No."

*

Wesley and Una stood in the paint isle.

"So what other colors should we get?" Wesley looked at the wall of paint. Una picked up a can and placed it in the cart.

"Nothing black, and nothing Angel would kill us for."

"Like Cordelia's suggestion of pink." They both smiled to each other. She picked up another can. "So how is Lucas?" she showed him the color. Wesley shook his head.

"He's fine. Engaged last I heard."

"Engaged?" She held another can up. Wesley nodded. She put it in the cart.

"Yah, I wrote you that right?"

"Yes you did." She picked up another can and placed it in the cart.

"Well what's wrong?" She rested her arms on the side of the cart.

"Nothing, just.." Wesley stared into Una's eyes hoping she would read his mind and make him not go into the torture of asking. But she didn't. "I haven't spoken with him since I was 17. And I thought he was dead from all the crazy things he does."

"Like Downhill Mountain biking on a literal alp."

"Yes," Wesley looked at her. She smiled.

"He took me on a trip."

"Well I thought he was dead."

"So did he. He thought you were dead." She stood up. "10 cans is enough, right?" Wesley looked at the cans then to her.

"Yes maybe more than enough." They walked out of the isle.

*

Cordelia stood there in pair of jeans with a hole in the knee and a old shirt that has 'I Love New York' on it. Angel looked her up and down

"Nice outfit."

"Thanks." She stared at Angel. He was in a pair of his black jeans and a Hawaiian shirt. "Same to you." Angel smiled. "So what happened last night? What ya talk about?" Cordelia asked as she sat down. Angel threw a cover over the desk.

"Basically, we talked about what has happened in my life and what has happened in hers."

"That's it?" he lifted an eyebrow at her.

"What more is there to say?"

"Well the basics. Get down to actual words to Mr. Sum-It-All-Up. She didn't talk to me much when she slept over. What's bugging her?" Angel covered the box that contained the new couch. He sat down.

"She's worried." He looked at Cordelia not wanting to say.

"And?" Cordelia getting up and marching over in front of him.

"And we just talked."

"About?" Cordelia standing there ready to slap the answer out him. Angel looked around the room before looking back at her. Cordelia understood what that meant. "Ok, I get the picture. I can take a hint." She looked around the room. "So they gonna replace everything?" Angel relaxed, a little.

"Yeah. They took whatever was salvageable and boxed it up. They'll return it tomorrow."

"That's good." Acting chippy and motioning it's good with her hands.

"Hello!" Una called from the door.

"Be right there." The two got up.

*

As soon as they got into the main office they were greeted with a flash, from a camera.

"Perfect." Wesley smiled.

"That's a keeper." Una set the camera down. Cordelia looked Una up and down. She was in a pair of cut shorts and a blue skateboard shirt she obviously painted in before.

"If you show that to anyone I'll hurt you."

"Oh my, I'll hurt Ms. Wanna-Be-Actress." Cordelia huffed and sat on the edge of the desk. Angel came over and looked at both of them. Cordy with her arms crossed and Una just stirring the paint like nothing happened.

"So what colors?" Una lifted the stick to show Angel.

"Ivory bash."

"Oh." Angel looked at Wesley. "Nice outfit." Wesley had on a 3-colored horizontal lined shirt of red, yellow, and purple. He had a pair of old jeans. Something Angel thought he didn't own.

"Same to you." Angel picked at an end of his shirt.

"Something I found in my closet."

"Oh."

"I split the can into four containers." The 2 came over to her. "One can take each corner. Ok, good." She clapped her hands together. "Let's get started."

*

'Every You Every Me' by: PLACEBO played on the radio. Angel was rolling paint on the ceiling. Wesley was painting around the front window. Cordelia was painting where the coffeepot was. Cordelia didn't speak to Una since her comment. Una dipped her brush into the paint. She looked at Cordelia from under the big window to Angel's office.

"Cordelia."

"I'm not talking to you." Cordelia said sternly not looking over at her. Una got up and came over and knelt beside her.

"Cordelia." Cordelia just keep on painting. "Cordeliaâ€|Cordelia." She looked over at Una.

"What!?! " Una took her brush and painted down Cordelia's face. Una stood up and smiled.

"Never mind." She walked back to where she was working. Cordelia stood up. She pulled Una around and painted her from cheek to cheek. Una painted her arm. Cordelia got her back. The 2 began to paint fight. Wesley and Angel stood together. Wesley leaned toward Angel.

"Should we stop this?"

"Go for it." Angel motioned. Wesley walked over to them.

"Ladies." Wesley said in a nice calm voice. The 2 looked at him.

"What!?! " they both said loudly.

"Could you please stop?" Cordelia stood up.

"Why should we?" Una picked up the can of paint. She dipped her brush in the paint.

"Because?" Cordelia looked at Una.

"Because what?" Cordelia took the can. Una wiped the paint from her mouth with her shirt.

"Because," Wesley looked to Angel for help. Angel just gave a half grin. He faced them. Cordy held the can up. Una painted his face.

"Got you." Una smiled to Cordelia. Cordy smiled back. "Step 2." Wesley saw Cordelia haul back the can. He ducked as she threw it. The paint hit Angel square in the chest.

"Oh my." Cordelia and Una both covered their mouths.

"That's it." Angel rolled his paint roller.

"Angel, AnGEL!" Cordelia ran behind Una. Angel chased. He painted Cordy on her back and hair.

"Help Una." Cordelia was on the other side of the desk.

"Aaahhhh." Una jumped on Angel's back. They fell to the ground. Wesley grabbed a can.

"Stop now orâ€¦!" he held the can up. Cordelia painted him across the face. Angel pulled her down. Wesley dumped the paint on the 3 on the floor. They pulled him down finally. They all began to laugh. This moment made all the problems and troubles in the world cease to exist in that moment. Time was under a spell. A laugh was an echo of a second just passed. The smile the longest minute. Being together in happiness is an eternity. Every lifetime has one that could never be disturbed. Nothing should disrupt this moment.

The phone rang.

"I'll get it." Una began to get up.

"Leave it." Cordy called from the floor.

"Don't worry." Una lifted the cover off the desk. "If only, I could find the phone."

"Desk drawer." Una pulled it open and placed the phone on the desk. "Thanks," Cordelia nodded. "Angel Investigations, how can I help you?"

"Hello?" the voice was male and a little unsure of the greeting. "Hi, I'm Dr. Custer of Mercy Hospital."

"Ok, how can I help you?"

"Um, we have a patient her by the name of Allen Doyle. Do you know him?" Una stared blankly.

"He's alive?"

"Yes." The man was confused at the question. Una looked at the phone. It slipped from her hand and to the floor. "Miss? Miss?"

**

TO BE CONTINUED

**

End
file.